

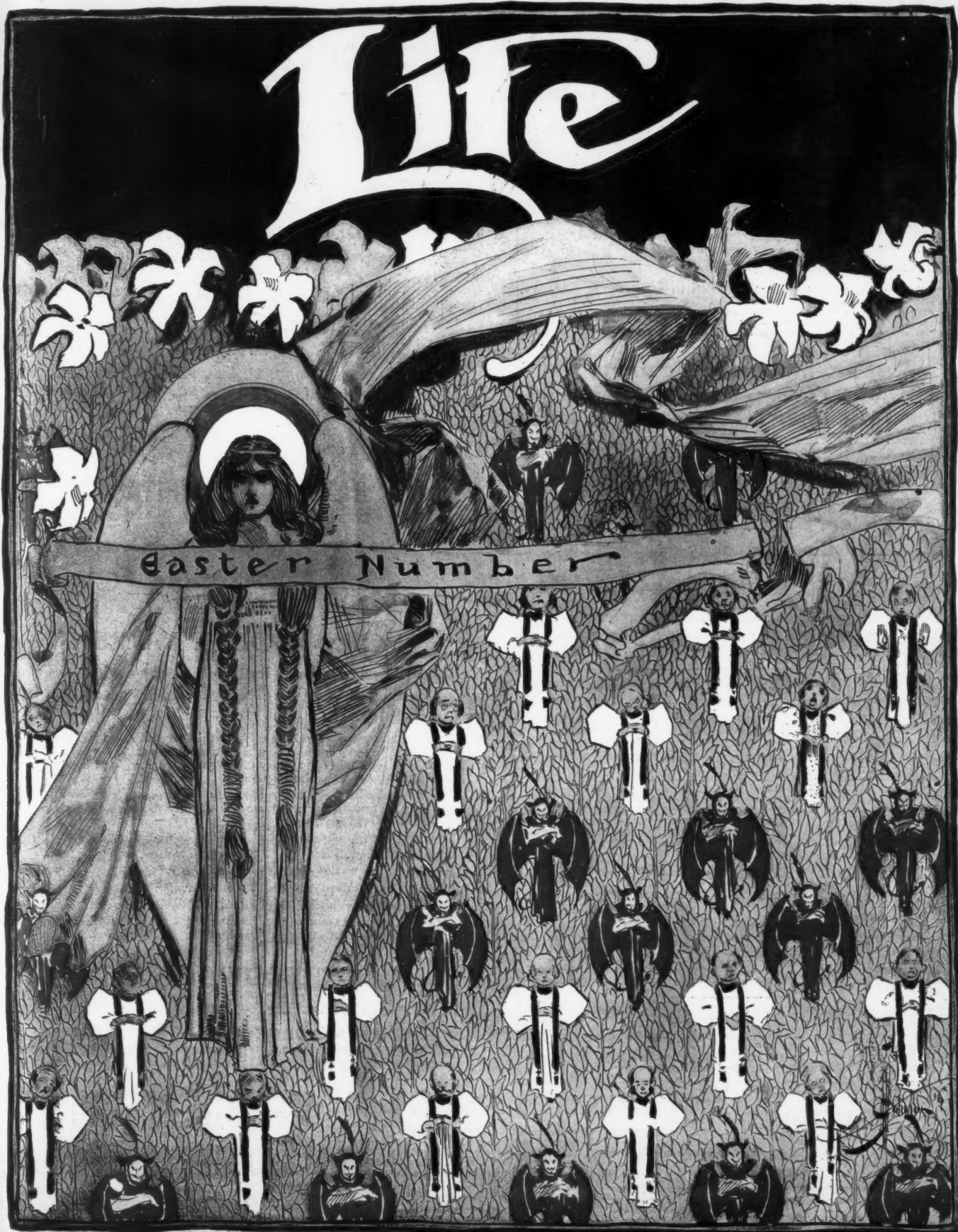
26, 1896.

VOLUME XXVII.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1896.

NUMBER 692.

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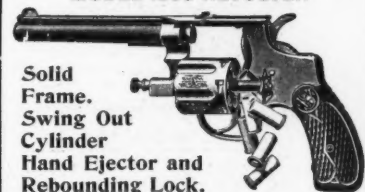


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VOLUME XXVII.

·LIFE·

NUMBER 692.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

He: WELL, I KNOW ONE GIRL THAT IS WILLING TO MARRY ME.
"WHY, YOU'D MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE!"

AN INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

SNODGRASS: In me, sir, there is a man of genius—unrecognized, perhaps, but still a man of undoubted genius.

SKIDMORE: Then hold still while I turn a cathode ray on you and see whom you have swallowed.

THE FOOLISH ONE.

THE WIDOW: Yes, poor John left some insurance.
HE: Enough to cover the loss?

IT is a great pity that all worthless people are not also lazy.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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AT a recent "College Day" celebration at the Woman's College in Baltimore, President Eliot, of Harvard, made an address in which he enumerated and discussed some of the positive satisfactions which the average man may reasonably expect to enjoy in this world. He took note of the legitimate pleasures of eating and drinking, of the pleasures

of the eye and the ear, of the delights of natural history and out-door life, of the domestic affections, of physical exertion, including brain-work; of intercourse with good minds, especially through books; of social relations, and of the possession of a good name. Finally he spoke of the importance of making a judicious selection of beliefs. Everybody, he said, holds numerous beliefs on subjects outside the realm of knowledge, and, moreover, everybody has to act on these beliefs from hour to hour. He thought that a certain deliberation in accepting new beliefs is conducive to happiness, and that cheerful beliefs were preferable, especially if they concerned the unknown world.

* * *



THESE are wise thoughts and worthy of consideration, especially at Easter, when people's minds dwell rather more than at most times on matters of faith. Of course one does not always believe just what he chooses. He believes often what he must, or what he can, or what, in the particular stage of obscurity or enlightenment in which he finds himself, seems most reasonable and likely. Still he does make a choice. He can say to a great extent on what considerations or probabilities he shall permit his mind to dwell, and upon what lines of speculation he shall endeavor to inform

himself. He may find himself at one period of life at sea upon various points, and at a riper age he may discover that without any very noticeable wrestling of the spirit he has come to have opinions on these subjects which, if not dogmatic, are at least distinct and tangible enough for him to recognize and work with.

* * *

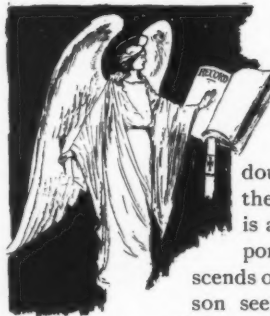


THE belief which is especially seasonable at Easter is that which affirms the soul's immortality. LIFE would not wish to crowd it on any one's acceptance, but as a journal largely concerned with the lawful pleasures of existence it may

properly enough point out that it is a cheerful belief, and fit, with due deliberation, to be adopted. It is an encouragement to those persons who, through virtue and good luck, find existence pleasant, and a solace to those who don't. It is an equalizing, tranquilizing belief. It tends to restrain us somewhat from too impetuous an eagerness to leave all our fun immediately for fear we shall get no other chance, and it is a good belief to fall back upon when we feel we have misused our opportunities and forfeited our share in the substantial satisfactions of Easter.

Discipline is ungrateful to the human spirit unless it can discern some chance of its producing happiness, but one may take his punishment more manfully and with a profounder patience if he can believe that after the nonsense is finally thrashed out of him, even though that takes a lifetime, there will still be a chance to take comfort in his regenerate condition.

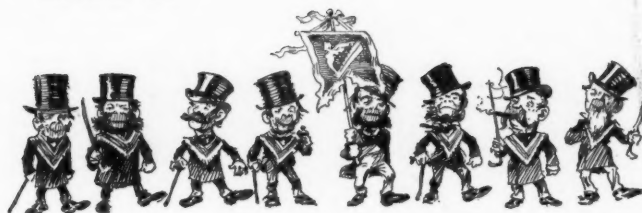
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OF course there are difficulties about the notion of immortality. It cannot be proved. Some of us may say it is matter of record, but the record is as much open to the doubts of the doubtful as the theories it substantiates. There is at least this to be said in support of it, that though it transcends our experience, and for that reason seems marvelous and somewhat incredible, we cannot say that it is theoretically more marvelous or more incredible than this earthly life and our experience of it, which we believe in because it is before our eyes. Out of nothing we came into life here. Out of nothing we may progress into life elsewhere.

It is a cheerful subject, a cheerful belief, brethren. Let us take all the comfort in it we can. The Easter bonnets and flowers and the Easter eggs are good in themselves, but they are better still if they can give our thought a useful impulse. Try to be good eggs, dears, so that when the good Lord cracks your shell he may not be tempted to throw you away.

MARCH



ABYSSINIA DOES
FOR CRISPI.



A SPLIT.



MUST SMASH
SOMEBODY!



FREE COINAGE



COLD
FACTS



CENSURE OF
BAYARD



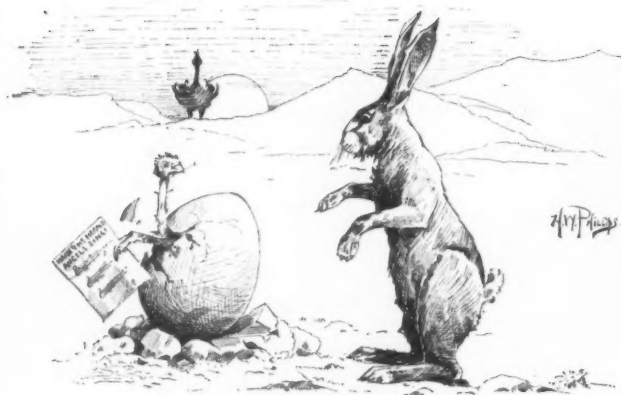
CANT YOU GIVE
US A FEW FACTS?

TAKE CARE! TSEWARE!

OUTRAGEOUS VIOLATION OF
SENATORIAL COURTESY.

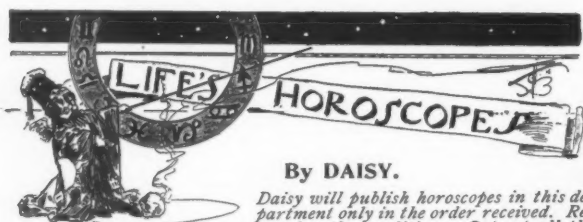


THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE!



AN EASTER MORNING SURPRISE.

"WELL, BY GUM! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE RABBIT THAT LAID THAT EGG!!"

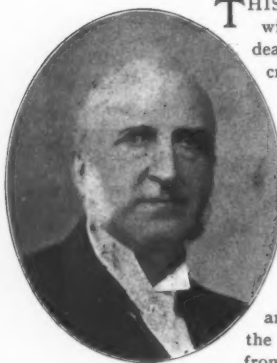


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

CHAUNCEY (D-P-W).



THIS gentleman was born under Pisces, in trine with Aquarius, in total collapse with Cancer, a deathly pallor on the face of the moon, the lines crossed on Libra and the rest of the planets arrayed in iron ear muffs. He is short and singularly beautiful, with long primer features, a bourgeois expression, Roman nose and an italic brain. He is the proud possessor of a tender, loving nature, is likely to be misunderstood, and is revered by all who do not know him. Has little imagination, but an unusual memory, which serves the same purpose. He shrinks from publicity, and his whole life is spent in constant fear that he will get his name in the newspapers. He has a happy faculty of always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, has a natural inborn love for antiquities, and would do good work in the Smithsonian Institute. Will find his most agreeable companions among the deaf and dumb. Should stay 'in a' night beware of traveling on railroads and avoid food. Will succeed best as a coachman or waiter in the Waldorf.



ORIGIN OF THE GOTHIC ARCH.

LITTLE WILLIE (IMPERIAL GERMAN).



THIS young man was born under a hopeless Mars, with the band on Jupiter playing a funeral march, the sun frozen, twenty-one blizzards on Mercury, and the rest of the planets groveling in the dust. Although but three weeks old, he weighs eighteen pounds, has three teeth and feeds himself. Has a very powerful imagination, enabling him even to conceive of others, and in a short time will become the possessor of great wealth, owning heaven and earth, the dry land and waters therein, all of the stars, with a guaranteed first mortgage on upper Hades. He is the possessor of a McKinley modesty, treating kings and queens with the same deference that he accords to all, and would do good work as a railroad ticket agent or a society reporter. Should avoid people, wear Uitlander pajamas, a steel gag and sleep in a balloon. Succeed as a supreme being.

VICTORIA (W-T-T-N).



THIS lady was born under Leo, with that sign in the ascendant, Gemini and Pisces tied for second place, fourteen alarms of fire on Aquarius, and the standing army of Mars drinking chloroform out of tin buckets. She is tall and swanlike, wears a Hohenzollern bang, has a reversible profile that looks well either way, and is out of sight in a London fog. She is very intelligent, speaking words of two syllables with great ease, and is noted for her great generosity, spending money like water in the desert of Sahara. Is likely to meet with injury if traveling in cabs, and should seek the seclusion afforded by the tops of omnibuses when out-o'-doors. Is deficient in manner, and would do well to read books of etiquette and should use a ready letter writer when corresponding. Should seek the society of adults, ride a Gladstone wheel and wear Venezuelan bloomers. Will succeed best as a houseworker, or might take in washing by the week.

KEEPING THEM OFF.

"I SHOULD think the tourists coming to this place would destroy this lovely park of yours," said the Northerner to the Floridian. "Well, they used to pick the oleanders and steal my cocoanuts, but I put up that sign over there and since that time they've respected my rights."

The Northerner walked over to the sign and read as follows:

PLEASE DO NOT
IRRITATE
THE RATTLESNAKES.

THE new woman doesn't want to forget that the apparel oft proclaims the man.



WHY HE TARRIED.

"WELL, I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU GOOD-BYE."

"OH, NOT NOW, GEORGE. MOTHER SAYS WE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY NOISE UNTIL FATHER GETS TO SLEEP."



ON APRIL FIRST.

DID he kick me? Well—I rather think
His language rather indicated that
He'd quite forgotten this old trick
Of a brick inside a hat.
And do I smile? Well, just because
I take it as a sign
That other hats along the street
Contain less brains than mine.



ON SOLEMNITY THAT THINKS ITSELF SERIOUSNESS.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, Jr., in a little volume of thoughtful and well-expressed essays which he calls "Types of American Character" (Macmillan), has with considerable solemnity expressed his views on the American man of letters. Among many statements that we are inclined to believe measurably true, he asserts that "we are too serious; we take ourselves too seriously, our vices and our virtues too seriously, life too seriously." This assertion has a plausible sound but it does not seem to accord with the



"FROM THIS TIME ON I SHALL BELIEVE IN GHOSTS."

"WHY SO?"

"YOU KNOW THAT 'WIDOWER' WHO HAS BEEN DEVOTING HIMSELF TO ME ALL THE EVENING? WELL, HIS DEAD WIFE APPEARED JUST NOW AND TOOK HIM HOME."

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN AND THE SAVAGE.

*A Story with a Moral.*

"NOW, WAIT TILL YOU SEE ME SCARE THIS SAVAGE."

facts of life in the great republic as they appear from day to day. It is neither true of the American man of letters nor of affairs. There is a great difference between solemnity (which is often the mask of ignorance) and seriousness. Wit, humor, and vivacity often go hand in hand with the greatest seriousness; indeed they are frequently its most efficient handmaidens. For what Mr.

Bradford means by his assertion is not gravity of manner but gravity of purpose. Now there are no weapons that can be more skillfully used to advance a serious purpose than wit and humor.

* * *

SO far do we believe Mr. Bradford's statement to be from the facts, that we fear a trained observer would rather say that the national shortcoming at the present day is a lack of seriousness as to our vices, our virtues, and life in general. Newspapers play with the most weighty responsibilities, legislators and rulers are a national jest, college men are afraid to be thought studious, and great corporations hoodwink their constituents and deceive the Government. There is little hypocrisy in all these things; the attitude is rather the cynical one of "What are you going to do about it?" To put it in the vernacular—this is a great big game and we are in it to win.



BUT THE SAVAGE DOESN'T SCARE.

The American man of letters too often is simply a reflection of this attitude. He adapts himself to the fad of the hour, and changes his style as he would his coat. If short stories are the thing that pays, he turns them out in quantity; if the people are crying for gore in their novels, he lets loose the dogs of war; if they want advanced women, he shortens their dresses and gives them cigarettes, and if socialism is the prevailing amusement he produces dilutions of Karl Marx. These things are done with a certain solemnity and moving of ponderous machinery that we fear Mr. Bradford has mistaken for seriousness of purpose. An elaborate exposition by an author of the theory on which he has constructed a worthless novel is not proof of a serious purpose. That sort of "purpose" in fiction is the most useless kind. What is needed is that kind of seriousness that believes in taking infinite pains; that the only excuse for devoting oneself to an art is that every piece of work shall be as good as the artist can make it. And there is the further obligation on the artist that his latest bit of work shall be better than all his previous efforts.

A little more of that kind of seriousness, mingled with a sense of humor, will help the American man of letters to avoid the pitfalls that Mr. Bradford thinks he has digged for himself. *Droch.*

A STANDING INVITATION: One to a reception.



ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

SHE: I wish some photographs taken.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Yes, madame, with or without?

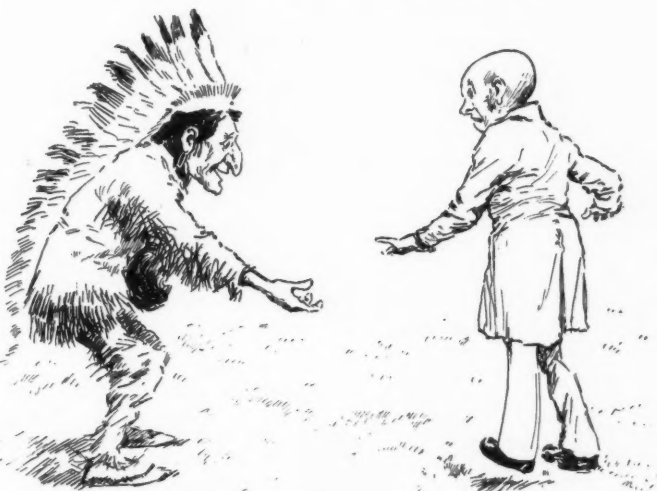
"With or without what?"

"The bones."

FIRST WHEELMAN: Well, this road is clean enough.

SECOND WHEELMAN: It ought to be; I went over it yesterday.

LOVING your neighbor as yourself is sometimes a pleasant thing—if you don't get caught.



HE SEES ANOTHER IMPERFECTION

THE EASTER BONNET.

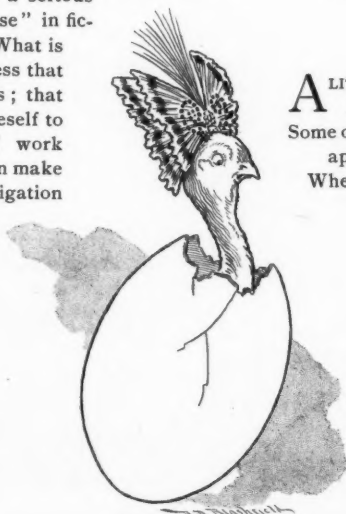
A LITTLE bit of ribbon, lace,	So small, yet when I get the
A tiny singing-bird;	bill
Some ornaments that gleam	And gaze on the amount,
apace	I feel the while I have a chill:
Whenever it is stirred.	It's little things that count.

PASS ALONG YOUR PETS.

THOSE of our readers who happen to own a horse that has grown old in their service and feel that some reward is due him, might hand him over to the vivisectors.

We have it on good authority that students perform sixty operations on a live horse before death overtakes him.

THE man with the clear conscience feels almost as comfortable as if he had no conscience at all.



THE LATEST THING OUT IN SPRING BONNETS.



AND WANTS IT

A STUDY IN NERVES.



A SMALL door at the right of the pulpit opened, at first tentatively, then with the energy of a nervous crisis, and he walked to his place before the altar. It had already been indicated by an inconspicuous chalk mark on the floor. His best man followed a little behind him at an interval which had required frequent rehearsing the evening before. He did not catch his chalk mark for an instant, and overstepped it, but he retreated cautiously, still facing the enemy, and carefully covered it with his left foot.

People had been pouring into the church for the last half hour, and the lot of the immaculate

ushers had become a less and less happy one as the throng at the door increased. It soon became absolutely impossible for any of them to find a moment to consult their lists. The bride's mother had made them up after the presents had finally stopped coming, and it caused her the keenest disappointment, as she came down the aisle at the end of the ceremony, to see with what democratic disregard "silver" guests had been escorted to "miscellaneous" pews, while horror as at a sacrilege came over her as she beheld with what frequency the opposite mistake had been made.

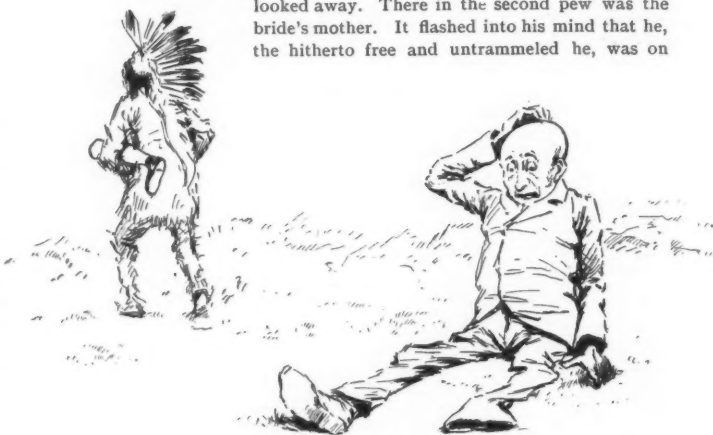
At last all those who had been invited had been given the front seats on the aisle which they required, and those who had simply come had found their way to the crowded galleries. There was a slight flutter in the audience when the bride's mother and her two married sisters were escorted to their seats on the opposite

side of the aisle from that set apart for the bridegroom's family, in the suggestively antagonistic manner which is customary when two houses are about to be united.

From his chalk mark by the altar he gazed rather unintelligently at the blur of faces turned towards him. Why should they all be staring at him? Was his cravat slipping up over his collar? He remembered distinctly that everything was fast when he had taken his last look at himself as an unmarried man. Why should the blamed thing fail him now? Only a hoarse but reassuring "You're all right, old man!" brought his wandering hand back to his side again. But why didn't the music begin?

The vast aggregated stare of the throng in front of him gradually resolved itself into its elements. It struck him that everyone seemed remarkably solemn, as if it were an occasion for sadness rather than for smiles. Why couldn't they look pleasant about it? Then it occurred to him that he felt solemn himself, and the cheerful and sympathetic grin on the face of one of his still-bachelor classmates, whom he had suddenly discovered, seemed decidedly out of place and frivolous.

But none the less something seemed required of him. Should he grin back, or should he merely wink in acknowledgment? The rehearsal had not prepared him for this emergency. He shirked the responsibility of deciding and looked away. There in the second pew was the bride's mother. It flashed into his mind that he, the hitherto free and untrammelled he, was on



AND GETS IT.



-Remble-



THE LATEST STYLES.



the point of acquiring a mother-in-law. He remembered that the papers which he had read coming up on the train had seemed unusually full of the usual alleged jokes at the expense of that unfortunate woman. They had not made him laugh then and they did not now as they came leaping up like imps out of the memory of his inner consciousness, for he was too earnest in his belief that his mother-in-law to-be was no joke, but a proposition.

Why didn't the music begin ? Why didn't they open those doors ? Had anything gone wrong ? Had anyone arrived at the last moment to announce some good cause why they two should not be joined together in holy

wedlock? No, thank heaven, he could face the world on that score. None the less, he felt that it must be fearfully late. Yet he had been told that everything was all ready and that it was time for him to take his place on his chalk mark. What were they waiting for? Had he not waited long enough already? He had known her from early girlhood, and he knew now that this had not made the winning her any easier for him. At first she had been too busy to think of a lover at all. Then her most intimate friend became engaged, and he took shape as an idea, gradually developing into a perfect though shadowy creature, as indefinite as her own future, so that she had been slow

to realize that he was already present by her side in all his imperfections of the flesh.

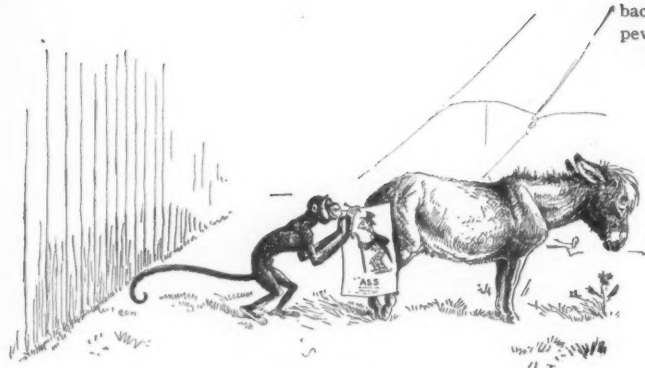
But he had won her, so why didn't the music begin? If he could only look at his watch and see what time it really was it would relieve his mind. He remembered that he had never seen it done, and kept his hands fast at the seams of his trousers, out of temptation.

Suddenly the doors were pushed back and the bridal party appeared in the opening. Behind the double file of sombre-hued ushers his eye caught a bit of color from the dress of one of the bridesmaids, and then rested for a moment upon a little cloud of pure swanlike white. Thank heaven, there she was. And

as she was there why didn't the music begin? The tallest usher changed his position and the little white cloud disappeared behind his broad black shoulder. Confound him, why couldn't he stand still, when that was the first glimpse he had had of her for goodness only knew how long!

There they all stood in the doorway, his seven best friends and the Girl's Usher. He supposed there was no reason now, from his point of view, why that unfortunate should not be one of his friends, too. He felt that he had never appreciated the fellow's good qualities so strongly as at that moment. He remembered that when she had at first spoken to him of her usher he had suggested to her the inadvisability of inviting a man to be present at his own funeral, and how she had insisted that her usher she would have. He remembered, too, how he had remarked that she might as well ask him to let her be the confidante of his love affairs incident to the period of the rebound, and how she replied that she had already done so. He determined to save him if it were a possible thing, and had stated that in his experience the Girl's Usher had invariably been either the most lugubrious or the most intoxicated person at the wedding reception. She had answered that her usher was a gentleman, which she hoped he could say of his, and departed for the dressmaker's. But there he was, so why didn't the music begin?

He saw the black back of the organist suddenly fill out as with the responsibility of his



Monkey: "APRIL—"

exalted position, and the next instant the familiar "tum-tum-ti-tum" pealed through the church. The music had begun. He felt that his troubles were over, for anything was better than that silent staring.

For a moment he could not make out what had all at once changed the appearance of things so much. Then he discovered that the sea of faces had turned into an equally bewildering exhibition of back hair, and in an instant a suggestive phrase of the music sent the words of a new popular song running through his mind. What was the matter with his mind, anyway, that he should think of such rot then? Why couldn't he stop thinking?

"Tum-tum-ti-tum." The music not only had begun but it seemed to him as if it had always been playing. Why did they not start? What was the use of all that rehearsing if they didn't know what to do when the time came? "Tum-tum-ti-tum" played the organist.

It seemed an easy matter for eight grown men to walk up a broad aisle together, two by two, a certain distance apart. They had done it half a dozen times the night before. It was perfectly simple. They were to be two pews apart. Or was it three pews? "Ti-tum-tum-ti-tum."

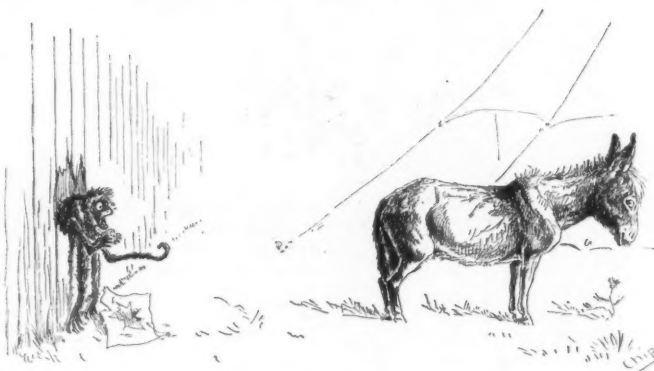
He didn't know which it was, but it was no affair of his, anyway. All he had to do was to stay on his chalk mark until it was time for him to go to that other chalk mark over there to receive her. There it was, a little rubbed out, to be sure, but seeming to him like the guiding star to the path of matrimony, and to it he had hitched his wagon. A scarcely breathed "They're off" at his elbow brought him



DISCOVERED.

"I LEARNED TO THUM A BIT AT HARVARD, YOU KNOW."
 "OH, OF COURSE! JACK SAID YOU LEARNED SOMETHING OR OTHER THERE AND I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS."

back to earth again. They were coming through the door. It was two pews apart after all. He knew he had been right. He noticed that the Girl's Usher seemed as cheerful as could be expected of him. He wondered how he would feel if he had to change places with him. How had it happened that their places were not changed? He knew that he was a better fellow than the Girl's Usher, of course, but how had he managed to make her believe it? He knew better men than he who had been Girl's Ushers in their time.



Donkey (resuming his former position): "FOOL!!"

"Tum-tum-ti-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were within twenty feet of him. Why didn't they move faster? It made him nervous to see them advancing upon him like that. It was like the car of Juggernaut or the inexorable march of time. They were bringing him the happiness of his whole life. Why didn't they bring it to him faster? It seemed more like the reluctant approach of bearers of misfortune. Those fellows had always stood by him before, why should they come at him now? Why didn't they all point their fingers at him like the ghosts in Ruddygore? There were the bridesmaids, too. He had always supposed that they were nice, kind-hearted girls, though he had never appreciated before how pretty the second one on the left really was. There they were coming at him in the same relentless way. All of them were the pendulum swinging nearer and nearer to push him into the pit.

"Tum-tum-ti-tum-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were so near him that he could see the pearls on the pins he had given them. There she was, heaven bless her! What was the sense of all this bother? Why couldn't he rush down the aisle and get her, all by himself? His eye fell upon the relentless chalk mark before him, and he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

The two files of ushers had begun to deploy on either side of him, each man trying to keep one eye on his alignment and with the other to steer for the haven of his own particular chalk mark. As the last one disappeared from view behind him he felt that he never wanted to see one of them again after the way they had just treated him. The next moment the bridesmaids were tripping by him, guided to their positions by that unerring instinct in regard to all that pertains to weddings which is every woman's birthright. It seemed to him that the maid of honor was wearing her hair differently.

The organist looked around from his seat and retarded the next measure of the music. Then the final "tum-tum-ti-tum" rang out triumphantly into every corner of the church. He rushed to the now benignly inviting chalk mark, and in an instant her hand was in his own.

AN eel in an ash barrel is no comparison to the average man at an afternoon tea.



Easter Buds

THE buds that bloom on Easter Day
Are fairer far, I trow,
Than those that grace the days of May
When gentler zephyrs blow.

The lily nodding in the breeze
Can by no circumstance,
In raiment, be compared with these
Conservatory plants.

They toiled not, neither did they spin,
But thirty days they spent
In idleness repenting sin—
The slow fast-time of Lent.

Lent's last ten suns looked down on more
Than penitence and gloom;
It saw corollas forming for
The buds to burst in bloom.

Ah! fairer than the blooms of May,
When gentle zephyrs blow,
Are buds that bloom on Easter Day
And go to church, I trow!

Wood Levette Wilson.



THE NEW HAML

Ham. Cleveland (as ghost of third term beckons): IT WAVES ME STILL—GO ON, I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Olney: YOU SHALL NOT GO, MY LORD.

Ham. Cleveland: HOLD OFF YOUR HANDS.

Lamont: BE RUL'D; YOU SHALL NOT GO.

Ham.
BODY AS
CALL'D—
MAKE A
THEE.

LIFE •



NEW HAMLET.

ON, *Ham. Cleveland:* MY FATE CRIES OUT AND MAKES EACH PETTY ARTERY IN THIS BODY AS HARDY AS THE BRITISH LION'S NERVE. [Ghost beckons.] STILL AM I CALL'D—UNHAND ME, GENTLEMEN. [Breaking from them.] BY HEAVEN, I'LL MAKE A GHOST OF HIM THAT LETS ME! I SAY, AWAY! GO ON; I'LL FOLLOW THEE.



"GOOD GRACIOUS!—WHY—WHAT—"



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

"MADAME."

THERE was never yet an actor who did not, at times, condemn the work of the dramatist, and know that he could write a better acting play. Putting the belief to the touch has resulted in a good many dramatic holocausts. There have been a few instances where the combination of actor and author has been a successful one, but the reverse has been the rule.

Mr. Charles Coghlan is an actor of eminence and experience. His play, "Madame," produced at Palmer's Theater, with his sister in the leading part, justifies his belief in his own powers as an author. The play has a plot and one which successfully holds the spectator's attention through considerable extraneous matter, which will, doubtless, by the time this appears, have been eliminated. It is rather an improbable tale—bringing

on the love affairs of a fashionable, female pawnbroker—but it keeps the audience in suspense, and the *denouement* is not revealed until an instant before the final curtain falls.

The scene is laid in London, and the characters are drawn principally from the nobility and gentry. The female pawnbroker is a remarkable mixture of integrity, business and sentiment. She may have existed in real life, but at best she would be a character that not many people would be likely to meet, so Miss Coghlan had free choice to make her what she pleased. She made her lady-like, not over-emotional and thoroughly interesting. In fact, she had the sympathies of the audience, notwithstanding the unpopular nature of her business. The other female part, played by Miss Amy Busby, was that of a young society woman who is acting a lie. It is a skillful delineation of character,

EVERYDAY EXPRESSIONS.



HE TREATED HIM LIKE A DOG.



BUT IT WAS ONLY MRS. NEWMAN REHEARSING FOR THE CHURCH AISLE EASTER SUNDAY.



"GREAT BRUIN! HOW FAINT I FEEL! I MUST HAVE OVERSLEPT MYSELF THIS SPRING."

both by author and artist. It was too bad that Mr. Coghlan himself could not have played the leading male rôle. In his hands it would, no doubt, have been made interesting, but Mr. Harrington Reynolds was only dull and intensely stagey. Mr. Arthur Forrest gave to the conventional villain an animation which was quite refreshing. Some of the inebriates in the third act might well be dispensed with, for their fun was pure drivel and only retarded the action of the piece.

It's really quite delightful to have from London a play which is not made up of would-be-if-they-could epigrams aimed at one or the other of the sexes, or at their relations to each other. Mr. Coghlan's dialogue is entirely free from the taint of the recent epidemic, and is, most of it, essential to the development of the story. Some of the scenes are unnecessarily long, but in the main the action goes along rapidly.

* * *

IT is axiomatic among theatrical folks that the American people like to be humbugged. Mr. P. T. Barnum originated the saying, but while he humbugged people he never defrauded them—they got their money's worth in some form or other. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, owner and manager of Olympia, seems to have confounded the terms. "Excelsior, Jr.," during its earlier days was more or less entertaining. It may well be doubted that it was ever worth two dollars a seat. In its later career its cast and features have been so changed and weakened that it is not worth seeing at all. The programme continues to announce acts that are not performed, and in this LIFE thinks Mr. Hammerstein makes, at least, an error in judgment. The public is proverbially stupid, but it might find him out some day.

Metcalfe.



Uncle Gayboy: YES, BOYS, IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF IN YOU IT'S BOUND TO COME OUT.
"IS THAT WHAT MAKES YOUR NOSE SO RED?"

THE DIRGE OF THE HOUSEHOLDER.

HOW can I sing of my mistress's chiding?
How can I liken her hair to the sun?
Rather I'd dwell on the ruin that's hiding
In anthracite coal at six dollars the ton!

How is it possible, prithee, I question,
To rhyme of the graces of Madeline's boot,
While comes despair at the very suggestion
Of gas at one dollar the vanishing foot?

How can I give my attention to verses,
Gladsome and dainty as finely wove silk,
Mentally damning with deep basso curses
The man who invented the drinking of milk?

Searching a rhyme, my poor brain doth but borrow
Figures and worry till all seems a blank!
How can I pay out two hundred to-morrow
With only one hundred and eight in the bank?

Richard Stillman Powell.



ON THE WRONG LAY.



OLYMPIAN SIDE SHOWS.

A LEAP YEAR PROBLEM.

MISS PRUE and Old-boy are to wed. This Easter, everybody knows; And far and wide the question's spread: "Which was it really did propose?"

THE MANICURE.

WITH an eye whose weary brightness is vaguely suggestive of belladonna, she studies your hand, and with medicated lips tells you convincingly that it is an unusually beautiful one, adding incidentally that more care should be bestowed upon it.

She suggests "treatment" once a week. Then she proceeds to shrink it in hot water, to pare slices off it, and to file off corners until it feels quite three sizes smaller than usual and you feel convinced that weekly treatment would be fatal to it.

She surmises, while she polishes what is left of your finger-nails as though they were boots, that you are an artist, by the shape of your hand.

Her domain is faintly scented, and divided into secret chambers, which bear the mysterious inscriptions "FACE STEAMING" and "ELECTRIC TREATMENT FOR WRINKLES." She appears to reign in this temple of mystery as high priestess of some occult science, that bestows new faces upon ladies who have worn out their old ones. She is very popular with ladies who are anxious to begin life all over again, with the skin of sixteen and the experience of fifty.

Jessie M. Wood.

THE charity which gives away that which it doesn't want is more inclined to vaunt itself than any other kind.



"WILLIE, where are those apples gone that were in the storeroom?"

"They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard."—*Exchange*.

"DON'T you bother your head about fame, Pat. It rarely comes to any of us till after we are dead."

"Faix, an' o'im willin' to shtay here and wait for it."—*Yonkers* (N. Y.) *Gazette*.

"My pocket's been picked," cried the bearded woman, "and I know who did it. The armless wonder has been sitting right alongside of me all the morning!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

"By Jove, I'm in hard luck!"

"How so?"

"Why, here's a money order I've just got for \$20, and the only man in town that can identify me to the money-order clerk is one that I owe \$30 to."—*Somerville Journal*.

A TURKISH physician once called in to attend an upholsterer very ill with typhus fever gave him up for lost, but passing the house next day found him still alive and on the mend. On inquiry, he found that the patient, in his consuming thirst, had swallowed a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Called in subsequently to attend a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs ill of the same disease, he prescribed at once the juice of pickled cabbage.

The next day the man was dead, whereupon the doctor entered in his notebook the following memorandum:

"While pickled cabbage juice is a very efficient remedy in cases of typhus, it is not to be used unless the patient be, by profession, an upholsterer."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

It having been the custom in a certain establishment in the North to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, named Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus:

"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?"

"If ye please, sur, I've been sint as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymint of our wages."

"Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master.

"Well, sur, it is the desire of mesilf, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."—*Tit-Bits*.

"THOMAS, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about?"

"I was just thinkin' about something."

"You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."—*London Answers*.



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SOME years ago a lawyer at Chillicothe, Mo., a son of the Emerald Isle with the wit characteristic of his country, received a collection from Iowa against a man who had been dead for some time. He returned the collection with the following advice:

"—, is dead and in h—l, and as Iowa is nearer that place than Missouri you had better bring suit in Iowa."—*Green Bag*.

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Just now Allen, of Mississippi—one of the raconteurs of Congress—is entertaining his fellows with a little story, showing how he recently won for his candidate, from President Cleveland, an appointment to the United States marshalship in the State.

The old marshal had died, and Allen went to the White House with the name of somebody whom he deemed fitted to be his successor. President Cleveland advised him to secure the indorsements of the other members of the Mississippi delegation. Allen knew full well that the effort to secure their indorsements would be regarded only as an invitation by every man of them to find a candidate of his own. And so it was. The result was a lively cross-hauling on all sides, and the situation became so bewilderingly complicated that Allen almost abandoned hope of winning his fight. One day, while the fight was hottest, he dropped in at the White House.

"Ha," said President Cleveland as he greeted him, "I suppose you have come to talk about that United States marshalship?"

"No," Allen responded, "but a mighty good story just came into my mind, and I thought as I was passing I would drop in and tell it to you."

"Always ready to exchange the importunities for place for a good story," was the President's assurance.

"It's a trifle personal, Mr. President," Allen said, "because it's about myself and one of my clients. My client's father died and left his estate in rather a bad kind of a muddle, and I was called in to straighten it out. There was a fee in it, and of course I took charge of the matter right away. The moment I began to try to straighten it out I flushed a covey of collateral relatives, who laid claims to part of the estate, and caveated. There was an awful long litigation.

We and the collateral fellows pulled and hauled at each other until the tug-of-war about played all of us out, and my anxious client, who had expected to take possession of the property without any obstruction, became especially weary. Scarcely a day went by without his wanting to know how the thing stood and when it was going to come to a head. He was overjoyed when I told him that at last the case had got up to the judge and was to be heard the next day, and would probably be decided right away.

"I went over to court, Mr. President, and presented my case in so clear and convincing a light that I was satisfied the court must be with me, and you may imagine my surprise when, after the argument, the judge announced he would take the papers and reserve his decision. The next day my client rushed into my office, breathless.

"Well," he exclaimed, 'is it all over?'

"Oh," I said to him, 'I made a beautiful argument before the court. Why, it was so clear that there was no room for the court to have any doubt. I talked for two hours, showed the court all the bearings of the case and—'

"Yes, but—" my client gasped, 'what was the result?'

"To take the papers and reserve his decision. He shouldn't have done it after such an argument and such a speech as I made, and the case so clear. But, then I did the best I could for you."

"My client was awfully chopfallen. His jaw fell and a shadow of gloom spread over his countenance.

"What's the matter, John?" I asked him.

"Nothin', nothin'," he answered with a broken air, 'only I begin to feel sorry that the old man ever died.'"—*New York Herald.*

A YOUNG woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set last week. She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterward she went about trying to call everybody by his right and proper name—she rather prides herself on that sort of thing, you know. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished looking man she paused in despair. "I know everybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea."

"Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished looking man. "My name is Atwater."—*Washington Post.*



X

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Cannot detect the slightest discoloration or decay upon
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MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, the English actress, now in this country, has beautiful teeth. On February 20th, 1896, Miss Studholme wrote to SOZODONT as follows, in response to the inquiry of a friend: "It makes pretty teeth, as I can most heartily testify." What SOZODONT has done for her and a host of others, it may do for you if it is used regularly—liquid SOZODONT daily; the Powder (in same package), twice a week. A sample of the liquid by mail if you send 3 cents for postage and mention "Life." Address the Proprietors of SOZODONT, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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Stuck Cupid Hair Pins
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And then they couldn't
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Will Not Crock It is positively unchange-
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quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements
and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

Look for this
on every yard
of the Selvage:

Lucien Fast Black

All leading
Dry Goods
Stores.

A cow and a mule were harnessed together and hitched to a plow, and a woman was holding the plow and ripping the soil of Kansas up the back at a great rate as I rode along the highway. I halted to watch the novel sight, and as she caught sight of me the woman stopped her team and came striding across the furrows to say:

"Hello, stranger! Did ye stop at the shanty?"

"Yes, stopped for a drink."

"Was the children all right?"

"I saw seven or eight playing on the grass and having a good time. Where's the old man?"

"Pegged out last fall."

"Do you mean he died?"

"Didn't do nuthin' else fur about three months, and finally got thar. Yes, he's gone to a better land, and I'm working to pay up his debts!"

"Then you are a widow, of course?"

"Sartinly. Goin' to settle out here?"

"Possibly."

"Married?"

"No."

"Want me?"

"No."

"Stranger, shake!" she exclaimed as she came nearer and extended her hand. "You ar' a critter as knows your gait, you ar', and it does me good to meet you. Lands alive, but the men who come along here don't know 'nuff to pound sand, and I waste about three days a week on 'em! I want a critter to say yes or no right off the handle and hev done with it. So you don't want me and the young 'uns and the mule and the cow and the claim?"

"No, ma'am."

"'Nuff sed—so long—gee up thar', you critters, and git around the field afore another feller comes along!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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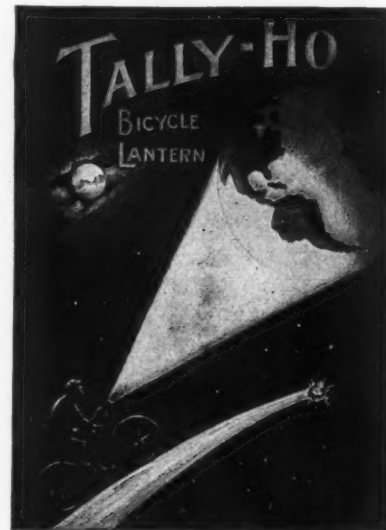
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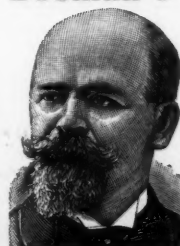
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"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random, and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with them for three or four days, that they might regulate it. 'On the contrary,' I said to him, 'I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship.' On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters, . . . who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said, literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."

The movement M. Edw. Favre Perret picked out at random was a "RIVERSIDE," and all that he said of it then, and a good deal more, is true to-day.

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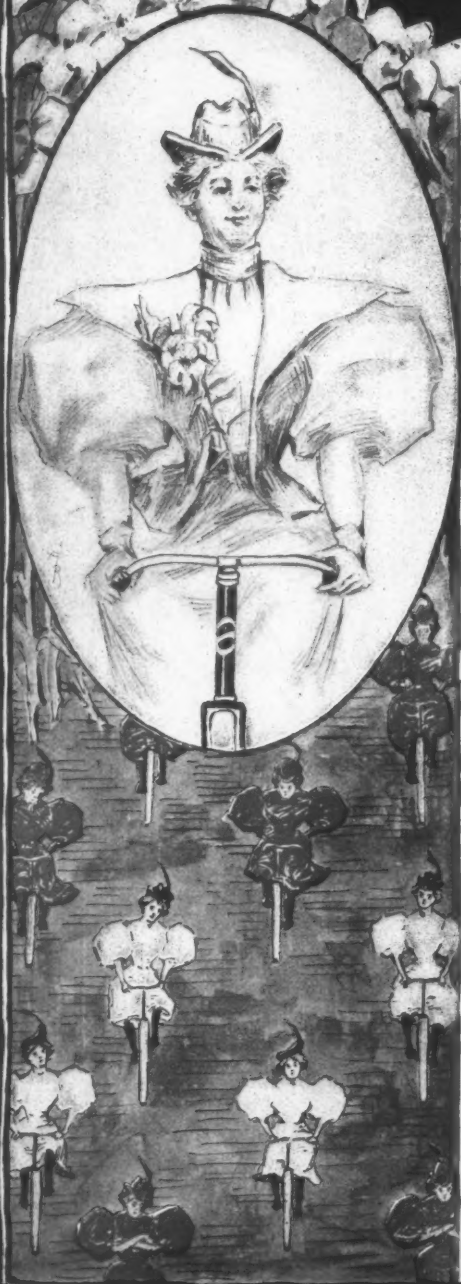
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Ever since your excellent "Best" Tonic has been placed upon the market, my family has been a big consumer of this preparation, and I have found it a grateful stimulant, appetizer, tissue builder and tonic. I consider it one of the very few preparations that really do all that is claimed for it and unhesitatingly recommend it to my patients.
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